Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLVIII. CARLISLE, NOVEMBER 17, 1847. NUM. XI.

Cards.

DOCTOR GEO. WILLIS FOULKE

(Graduate of the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia.)

RESPECTFULLY offers to the public his professional services in the practice of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery.

OFFICE at the residence of his father in S. Hanover street, directly opposite Morrets' (late Roberts') Hotel and the Second Presbyterian Church.

Carlisle, April 7, 1847.

CARD.

DR. JOHN J. MYERS

HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE and DWELLING to the two story brick house adjoining his Drug Store, on West Main Street.

April 14, 1847.

DOCTOR AD LIPPE,

Homœopathic Physician.

OFFICE: Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Fred. Ehrman.

Carlisle, April 9, 1846.

DR. L. C. LOOMIS,

DENTIST.

WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as *Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c.*, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single Tooth, to a full sett. Office on Pitt street, a few doors South of the Railroad Hotel.

N. B. Dr. Loomis will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days, in each month.

June 11, 1846.

JOSEPH KNOX,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Pittsburg, Pa.

HAS returned from Carlisle, to the practice of his profession in Pittsburg, Allegheny county, Pa.

Feb. 10, 1847.

S. DUNLAP ADAIR,

Attorney at Law.

OFFICE in South Hanover street, a few door below J. H. Graham, Esq.

July 16, 1845.

JAMES R. SMITH,

Attorney at Law.

OFFICE with S. D. Adair, Esq., in Graham's new building, opposit the Post Office.

March 31, 1847.

CARSON C. MOORE.

Attorney at Law,

OFFICE in the rear of the Court House, in the room lately occupied by Dr. Foster, dec'd

March 31, 1847.

A. A. LAMBERTON,

Attorney at Law,

HARRISBURG, PA.

April 28, 1848.—1y.

GEO. FLEMING,

Justice of the Peace and Scrivener.

OFFICE in South Hanover Street, opposite the Post Office.

Carlisle, April 28, 1847.

SURVEYOR AND SCRIVENER.

JOHN C. MITCHELL,

WILL be found at his Office in the rear of the Court House, ready at all times—unless engaged in the business of his profession—to make Surveys of lands, roads, etc. He will also prepare deeds of conveyance and any other instrument of writing.

Carlisle, June 23, 1847.

Plainfield Classical Academy,

Four miles west of Carlisle, between the Newville State Road and Cumberland Valley Rail Road.

THE third session (five months) will commence on MONDAY, Nov. 1st, 1847.

The number of students is limited, and every effort made to secure their moral and mental improvement, as well as their comfort and health. During the past year upwards of forty students have been connected with the institution.

The studies embrace all that are requisite for College or any business or profession.—Every effort will be made to secure a continuance of patronage from the friends of education

References, Terms, &c., made known by application personally, or by letter addressed

R. K. BURNS.

October 6, 1847.—3mo

J. P. HARPER,

SURVEYOR.

OFFERS his services to the public. Having had several years experience with his Father, and having in his possession the valuable collection of papers made by him, he hopes by care and punctuality to obtain a share of public patronage.

Office in the public square, immediately in the rear of the Court House.

Carlisle, oct 21

DYEING & SCOURING.

WILLIAM BLAIR,

IN LOUTHER STREET, near the College dyes Ladies and Gentlemen's apparel, all colors, and warrants all work. Satisfactory. Orders in his line respectfully solicited.

Carlisle, September 2, 1846

Morrett's Hotel!

THE subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that has taken the well known Tavern Stand

On the corner of South Hanover and Pomfret Sts.,

formerly kept by Mr. Andrew Roberts, where he will endeavor to serve those who may call upon him in the most satisfactory manner.—The house is pleasantly situated, and is furnished throughout with good bedding, and other furniture, and his accommodations are such as will make it a convenient and desirable topping place. No exertions will be spared to make it agreeable in all its departments to those who may favor him with a call.

BOARDERS well be taken by the week month, or year, at the usual prices.

SAMUEL MORRET.

April 14, 1847.

Notice!

CARLISLE BANK,

OCTOBER 11th, 1847.

An Election for thirteen Directors of this Institution, to serve for one year, will be held at the Banking House on MONDAY, the 15th day of November next, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M.

GEO. A. LYON Pres't.

Carlisle, October 13, 1847.—te

M'CALLISTER'S All Healing Ointment just come to hand and for sale by

J. & W. B. FLEMING

Poetry.

The Magnetic Telegraph.

BY JAMES G. PEABODY.

What mean the miles of gleaming wire,
Stretched out afar o'er hill and plain,
As if to string some massive lyre
To ring out earth's redeeming strain.

It is a lyre, whose every string,
Shall vibrate to the praise of man—
Such tribute to his genius bring,
As ne'er was made since time began.

It is the masterpiece of Earth—
The climax of all future might—
Where man, forgetful of his birth,
Infringes on Jehovah's right.

It is the path where lightnings fly,
Obedient to man's lordly will,
Who forced them from their native sky,
And chained them down on every hill.

Once they were messengers of God,
And flashed through heaven's remotest span;
But now they've left their high abode,
To herald out the ways of man.

No more we'll trust the carrier dove,
Or iron steed, or lagging gale,
But call the lightnings from above,
To spread the news and tell the tale.

They far outspeed the rolling Earth,—
And put the car of time to shame,—
Before the future has it's birth,
'Tis past upon the spirit track.

That track—the great highway of thought—
Where distant nations converse hold—
E're word is said, or deed is wrought,
'Tis whispered round and round the world.

From east to west—from pole to pole—
Wherever man has pressed the sod—
The every thought of every soul,
Is omnipresent like as God.

It binds the nations all in one,
And thrills its pulse throughout the Union,
'Till every kingdom, tribe and tongue,
Shall live and act in full communion.

Miscellaneous.

From Graham's Magazine.

The Last Adventure of a Coquette.

BY THOMAS MAYNE REID.

A more capricious coquette than the beautiful Kate Crossley never played with hapless hearts. She is now a sober matron, the wife of an elegant husband, and mother of two beautiful children. We hate to rake up the ashes bitter remembrances; (for, believe us, gentle reader, this story, though short, is nevertheless true, and we know one young gentleman at least who will recognize the unhappy hero of it.) But cannot pass over in silence the last episode in the unmarried life of Kate. It may be a warning to future, unfortunate lovers, and afford a striking instance of that utter heartlessness which a beautiful flirt alone can feel.

Kate was an heiress, that is, a moderate fortune of two hundred thousand had been accumulated expressly for her use—for she was an only child. She had a much larger fortune, however in her face, and that evening never passed, that the threshold of her father's comfortable dwelling was not crossed by half a score of elegant beaux, all bloods and some of them men of fortune. Kate amused herself by making these young men jealous. A beautiful flirt who can command even the small sum of two hundred thousand dollars, is a dangerous creature in the community of Philadelphia, and already on Kate Crossley's account had two parties of the aforesaid young gentlemen crossed over to Camden with sanguinary intentions. Fortunately, however, we have the most vigilant police in the world; and a mayor, whose instinct is so keen, that it has been known to forewarn him of the time and place of a duel, the arrangements of which had been kept religiously secret from all but the principals and their seconds.

By such efforts of genius on the part of our worthy mayor, had the chivalrous lovers of our heroine been spared the pain of bloodletting, and having purchased the pleasing reputation of courage, they were bound over and thus procured the sweet privilege of frowing at each other hereafter without the necessity of fighting for it.

Matters were progressing thus; lovers were alternately sighing and smiling, and scowling, when the elegant Augustus Nob returned from his European tour, bringing with him of course, a foreign mustache, and a *decidedly* foreign accent. Nob was an only son of one of the first families. He had been left an independent fortune by his parents, (deceased,) most of which he had contrived to spend in Paris and London. This, however, was still a secret. Nob was welcome every where.

But under no mahogany did Augustus Nob stretch more frequently than under the hospitable board of Mrs. Crossley. We say Mrs. Crossley for although her good husband still lived, he was only identified in the house as a piece of its plainest furniture.

Crossley had served his purpose in this world—he had made the two hundred thousand—had retired from business, and was no longer of any value. It was now Mrs. C's turn to play her part, which consisted in practically proving that two hundred thousand can be spent almost as fast as it can be made. Balls, soirees, and suppers, followed each other in quick succession. Morning levees were held, attended by crowds of bloods. The elegant Augustus was always present, and always dressed present, and always dressed in the most fashionable rig—A party at the house of Mrs. Crossly and the elegant Augustus not present? Who could bear the idea? Not Mrs. C. herself, who was constantly exclaiming,

"My dear Augustus—he is the very life and soul of us; how charming, how handsome, and how fashionable; just the air that travelling always gives. How much I long to call him my dear son," and in fact Mrs. C. was leaving no stone unturned to consummate this maternal design. She was not likely to find much opposition on the part of elegant himself. Not only would the two hundred thousand have been particularly acceptable at that time, but the heart of the young gentleman, or, in other words, his vanity, had become greatly excited, and he felt much disposed to carry off the coquette in triumph, in spite of the agony and disappointment of at least a score of competitors.

But where is our heroine Kate, all this time? Flirting of course, with a dozen beaux each at one moment thinking himself most favored, and the next spurned and despairing. Now she smiles upon Mr. Fitzrush, and compliments him upon the smallness of his feet. Fitz blushes, simpers, and appears not at all vain of his feet—in fact, stammers out they are large, very large, indeed, to which candid acknowledgement on his part, should the company appear to assent, he carelessly adds that 'they are small for a man of his size, insinuating that it is nothing of the way to find small men with little feet, and little credit should therefore be attached, but when a man of large dimensions is found with elegant little feet like his, the credit ought to be quadrupled or tripled at least.

Kate, the talented Kate, understands it all; and after smiling quietly at the gentleman's silliness, she turns her satire upon another victim.

'Ah! my dear Mr. Cressy, how your eyes sparkled last night at the Opera—they looked like a basilisk's.'

This gentleman's eyes were of a very dull green color, and looked more like a bull's than a basilisk's, but not seeing them as others saw them, he replied 'that he could not help it—the music always excited him so.'

'Ah! the music, Mr. Cressy, but perhaps'—She was prevented from finishing her reply by the announcement of a gentleman who had just made his appearance in the door way, and who was no less a personage than the Augustus Nob.

To say that Mr. Augustus Nob was a small fish in this party, would be to speak what was not true; on the other hand he was a big fish—in fact the biggest in the kettle. Any one who had witnessed the sensation produced by his announcement, would have judged so. The coquette broke off in the middle of her satire, and running toward the door, conducted him to the seat nearest to her own, where, after an elegant bow, he seated himself—a full grown lion. During the continuance of this welcome reception, various pantomimic gestures were exhibited by different members of the company. There was a general uneasy shifting of chairs—dark looks were shot towards the 'elegant,' and conciliatory, and even friendly glances were exchanged among the beaux, who, forgetting for a moment their mutual jealousies, concentrated their united envy upon their common rival. If Cressy's eyes never sparkled before; they certainly did upon this occasion, and the right leg of Fitzrush was flung violently over the left knee, where it continued to oscillate with an occasional nervous twitching of the toes, expressive of a hardly repressed desire on the part of its owner to try the force of those little feet on the favored 'elegant's' handsome person. It was all in vain, however—Nob was evidently the successful lover, for he sat close to the graceful creature—that is, closer than any other—and chattered to her of balls and operas; and, confident of his position, he did not care a fig for the envy and jealousy which on all sides surrounded him.

And Kate showered all her attentions upon Nob, and Nob triumphed over his rivals.

Matters progressed thus for several weeks, Nob still paying marked attentions to the coquette, whose chief delight seemed to be not only to torture her host of other lovers, but occasionally the 'elegant' himself.

Augustus, however, still continued first in favor, and from the attentions which he received at the hands of Mrs. Crossley, it was conjectured by the family friends that a marriage with her daughter was not far distant. The less aspiring of Kate's former lovers had long since hauled their wind, and only a few among whom were Fitzrush and Cressy still continued to hang on, despairingly of what was evidently a fortorn hope.

Nob openly boasted that he had run them all out of the field, and was heard triumphantly to assert that he was breaking the heart of the 'dear creatiw,' and that he 'would be under the positive necessity of dealing it at the hymeneal altaw. He was very young to marry—quite a child—but then to keep the dear sylph in suspense—oh! it be bawbawous—positively bawbawas!'

It is not to be supposed that the cunning, the talented Kate, was ignorant of these boasts on the part of the elegant Nob. No—no; Kate knew everything, and among other things she knew Mr. Augustus Nob, thoroughly, and she resolved on taking most exquisite vengeance on him.

Spring, delightful spring, has returned, and all nature looks as sweet as the lips of a lovely woman. The trees upon our side walks, and in our beautiful squares, are once more covered with green and shady foliage, and from the windows of high houses hang handsome cages, from which those warbling prisoners—the mockbird, and the troupial, and the linet and canary bird, send forth their dulcet notes, filling the streets with music and melody.

Fashionable ladies are beginning to make their appearance in the streets, unattended by gentlemen as it is the shopping hour, and gentlemen would be only in the way. From the door of an elegant mansion in the upper part of Chesnut street issues a graceful and beautiful girl, who is proceeding down the street toward the busier part of the city.—She does not loiter nor look in the shop windows, as ladies generally do at this hour, walks nimbly along though she came forth upon some preconceived errand. As she nears that part of Chesnut street which is in the neighborhood of the State House she lessens her gait, and walks more leisurely.—She is heard to soliloquize—

"In truth, it is as much as my courage, nay, even my reputation is worth, to enter the studio of my sweet painter thus alone; but what can I do, since the dear fellow has been banished from our house by the aristocratic notions of my mother? Well, I shall risk all for him, as he would for me, I know. How happy it will make him to hear my errand. Only to think that I am forced to an elopement, or marry that ninny whom my mother has chosen for me. But I shall elope—I *shall*. Henry has so often proposed it—how happy he shall be to hear me consent, but I shall do it in my own way—that is fixed. Henry will laugh when I tell him of my plans. Some one may be with him at this moment, and deprive me of the pleasure of conversing with him; but then it is all written here, and I can see him soon again. *'Henry Willis, Minature Painter.'* Yes! this is the sweet fellow's place—no one observes me enter." So saying, the graceful girl entered a large hall, the door of which stood open, and passing up a flight of steps, she tapped gently with her small gloved fingers upon the door of a chamber, upon which was repeated, in gold letters, the same words that were exhibited in front of the building—

"Henry Willis, Miniature Painter."

In a moment the door opened, disclosing within the studio of an artist, the artist himself, a fine looking youth, with dark hair and slight mustache, and dressed in his painter's blouse, while in the back ground could be seen a prim, stiff old lady in high cap and curls, steadily and rigidly sitting for her portrait.

At sight of the new comer the artist's countenance became bright with love and pleasure, and the exclamation 'dearest!' that almost involuntarily escaped him, told that they were no strangers to each other. The young lady, on the other hand, perceiving the sitter through the half opened door, glided back a step or two, so as to be unperceived by the latter, and taking from her reticule a folded paper, she held it out to the painter, accompanying the act with these words: "A message for you, Henry; it would have been pleasanter, perhaps, to have delivered it verbally, but you see I have been prepared for any emergency."—So saying, she delivered the paper—received a kiss upon her little gloved hand—smiled—said "good morning!" and gracefully glided back into the street.

The artist re-entered his studio—found some excuse to dismiss the stiff old lady, and was soon busied, with beaming face and beating heart, in the contents of the paper he had just received.

He rose from its perusal like a man mad—mad from excess of joy—and from love, and hastily striding up and down his small studio, he exclaimed, "Yes, dearest heart! any thing—any thing you wish shall be done. One week, and she shall be mine; and such a mischievous trick—but the fool deserves it, richly deserves it, for aspiring to the hand of one so immeasurably his superior. Ninny! he little knew how deeply she has loved, sweet girl! How she has deceived them—father, mother, friends—all! How sweet and how powerful is first love!"

Kate Crossley had often been heard to say, that whenever she married, there would be an elopement. She either had a presentiment that such would be her fate, or she so despised the modern, unromantic fashion of marrying or giving in marriage, that she was resolved that it should be. Consequently, when the elegant Augustus Nob, on the first day of May, 1842, knelt before her in the most fashionable manner, and made a most fashionable declaration, quite confident of being accepted—who could have refused? He was accepted, with the proviso that it should be an elopement.

"All right!" soliloquized Augustus, as he closed the hall door behind him; "all right, and vewy simple! old lady decidedly in my favaw—reconciliation easy—carriage and four—private clergy—two days in a hotel—sent for, and all right again—simple, vewy simple, and vewy romantic, too!"

It was a dark night—a very dark night for the month of May—and a very cold one, too; and under the shadow of some trees that grew upon the side walk in the upper part of Chesnut street, making the spot still darker, might be seen an elegant carriage and horses drawn close up to the curb-stone.

The driver was on the box, enveloped in a great coat, and at a short distance from the carriage, and leaning against a tree, might be seen the figure of a young man, fashionably and elegantly attired. He wore a cloth cloak, loosly hanging from his shoulders, and he was evidently waiting for some one to arrive and enter the carriage with him.—There was no passers-by, however to conjecture his motives and actions, as it was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and the streets were quiet. He repeatedly took out a splendid watch, and seemed impatiently waiting for some fixed hour. Presently the great bell on the Statehouse tolled two. A light footstep was now heard in the distance, and a moment after, a graceful woman came tripping along, and approached the carriage. The young man who had been leaning against the tree immediately recognized the figure, and stretched out his hand to conduct her to the carriage. We will conceal the names of the lovers no longer—they were Augustus Nob and Kate Crossley.

'My dear Kate,' said he, 'I have been waiting for you half an hour—how very cold it is!'

'No, no—not cold on such an errand as ours! But, dear Augustus,' said Kate, changing her tone, 'we must be married by the Rev. Mr. C——; the good old man has been like a father to me, and I couldn't think of any one else; he has promised me, and is now expecting us.'

'Oh, vewy well,' replied the lover; 'you are sure he expects us?'

'Yes; I will give direction to the driver.'—So saying she whispered a word in the ear of the driver, who seemed perfectly to understand her, and entered the carriage, followed by Augustus.

The driver immediately gave the whip to his horses, and turned down Chesnut, entered a cross street, and drove northwards towards the district of the Northern Liberties.

The carriage drew up before the door of a handsome house in the upper part of the city, and the driver dismounting from his box, opened the door, let down the steps, and handed the lady to the pavement. Nob thought that he saw the driver kiss his bride's little white gloved hand, as she stepped upon the curb-stone; but it was so dark he could not be sure of this. He was sure, however, that he was the most officious and impertinent drivel that he had ever seen; and from the slight glimpse that he had caught of the fellows face, by the light of the street lamp, he saw that he wore a mustache, and was withal a very handsome young man.

It was no time, however, to study physiognomy, or resent immaginary insults. The door of the house was quietly opened by some one within, and Nob and his beautiful bride entered, and were shown into the drawing-room. The servant desired Kate to follow her to a dressing room, that she might take off her bonnet, and intimated to Mr. Nob that the Rev. Mr. C—— would wait upon him in a minute.

'Now it was a strange thing that the same driver, who kissed Kate's little hand—for he actually had kissed it—instead of staying by his horses as every good driver should do, gave them up to another, and walked into the house close after the bride and bridegroom. It was also strange that the bride kept Mr. Agustus Nob impatiently waiting in that front parlor for at least twenty minutes, but the strangest thing of all was, that when she did make her appearance, she still had her bonnet on, as when he last saw her, and was leaning on the arm of a handsome young gentlemen wearing mustache and kid gloves, whom the stupified Agustus at once recognised as the impertinent driver, and whom the reader may recognize as Henry Willis the artist. Mr. Willis politely thanked Mr. Nob for having kindly attended his wife thither, and assisting him in bringing the affair to its happy termination, and added, that as he had driven the party thither, he hoped that Mr. Nob would condescend to reciprocate and take the box on their return. Nob, however, having got the sack in so cruel a fashion felt no inclination to *take the box*, and in a few minutes he was among the missing. He was never again seen in the city of Brotherly Love.

The young artist and his beautiful bride entered the carriage drove to Jones' Hotel, where they remained until sent for by Mr. and Mrs Crossley, which happy event occurred a day or two after. Whoever should see the modest and matronly Kate now, with her two beautiful children, would hardly credit the story that she had been a coquette.—This, however, was her last adventure.

From the Batavia Spirit of the Times.

A New Story of Dan Marble's

Dan Marble tells a story of a queer old Englishman whom he met during his late professional visit to England. This fellow belonged to the class of solemn bores who are ever seeking the acquaintance of 'men of mark,' no matter what their vocation, and having found such an one, hang on to him like grim death to a gone colored person.

This man was introduced to Marble, and as Dan is a chap every body must like, our friend 'engrafted' himself like a leech. Dan resolved upon testing his gullible powers, and an opportunity soon offered. As they were quietly imbibuating at one of those fugitive drinking places always to be found near a theatre, conversation happened to turn upon the new English postage system and the rapidity with which the mails were carried.

'Oh!' says Dan, 'we have a plan in our country which will use you fellows all up, mighty quick.'

'Use up?'

'Yes, use up.'

'Well, if you can beat our fifty mile an hour engines, you may begin to talk about using up.'

'That is just what we calc'late on doin', squire.'

'How, pray?'

'Oh! suth-thin' entirely new; but we shall beat you all to creation smash;—there's no mistake in it,—I tell you.'

'But how?'

'Taint much known yet. You wont say nothin bout it if I tell you?'

'Certainly not.'

'Won't leak any?'

'No.'

'Keep close as a clam?'

'Yes.'

'Well, there's a feller down the Mississippi whid has actually tamed a lot o' sharks, and learnt 'em to run from place to place on the river.'

'Learn sharks!—ho! ho! ho! that's good!'

'What are you laffin' at?'

'Twoint do, that wont. It may be all very well to talk about, but such stuff wont go down here by no means. Nonsense!'

'Nonsense?'

'Yes, absurd.'

'You git out.'

'Come, come—'

'Look ahere, now, squire; d'ye think I want to fool you?'

'Well, what *do* you mean?'

'Just what I say—sartin sure.'

'Go on, then; I'll listen; I thought you was tryin' to do me.'

'Nothing' of the sort 'squire.'

'You are really sincere then?'

'True as the catechise.'

'Well, you're such confounded queer fellows over on the other side, that one hardly knows when to believe them. But go on with your story.'

'Well, as I was saying, two or three years ago, a fellow down at Natchez caught five or six young sharks, pups they call 'em down there; little runts that had'nt got no teeth nor nothin,' and were about as harmless as a young bar, though they had a little of the old sarpent and no mistake.'

'Well this feller thought he would train 'em a spell, jist to see what he could do. He began by towin along a bone on the water with a little mite of meat on't;—that worked tolerable well. Next he tied it to the stern end of a boat and rowed off a few miles. They got considerable kind of used to it. By'm by when they got older, he fasten'd a biger bone to the stearn of a steam boat and hung a blasted great piece of meat just out of the water, so as they could see it, and in that way learnt them to go all the way up to Pittsburg. After he got them that far, then he turned and cum back just as easy.'

'No.'

'Fact.'

'Can't be!'

'True as blazers!—They finally got so used to goin' up and down, that all he has to do now is to let one of 'em out o' the pen, turn his smellers up stream, and away he goes! after getting up to Pittsburg and resting a leetle, he draws a bee line for hum.'

'You don't say so?'

'Y-e-s!'

'How long are they going up?'

'Only about eight hours and a half! some times eight and three quarters.'

'Is it possible?'

'Y-e-s!'

'Are they always as quick?'

'Regular as clock work—never knew them to fail but once?'

'How was that?'

'Well you see one day as one of 'em was steaking it up just this side Louisville, he struck his head agin' a snag, and it gave him such an all-fired headache he had to stop for half an hour to bathe his temples in cold water, jest to take down the swellin' you know.'

'Come, your'e joking!'

'Honest as Nebuchadnezzar, and no mistake. But I hain't told you all on't yet.'

'Well, what else?'

'The sharks have got so big now, that they talk of puttin' a row of state rooms on their backs and run 'em for passengers.'

'Don't believe a word of it—not a word. You can't come it over me, Mr. Marble, I'm not to be had. Good bye; can't stay with you any longer now—good bye.'

—And off he went, leaving a crowd of the boys,' who gave him a parting guffaw as he passed out, and afterwards suggested to each other the propriety of taking another *quaigh* all round on the strenghth of Dan's story.

Gold Pens.—An active competition in the manufacture of gold pens has brought down the price from ten dollars to one and two dollars, according to the finish, &c., and, as might be expected, they are coming into very general use. A New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier has given in one of his letters an interesting account of the invention of gold pens and the manner in which they are made, a portion of which we subjoin:

The first pen of the sort ever used was in 1838. The idea of the utility of gold for the purpose was conceived by the Rev. Mr. Cleveland. He communicated this idea to Mr. Brown, who improved on it and immediately went into the business. He was followed by some half a dozen others. Bagley is now the most extensive manufacturer of the article, and he employs in it a capital of $80,000. His expences are $1000 per week. Platt & Brothers, in the early stage of the manufacture, made a contract with Brown & Bagley for all the pens they made, and thus had the monopoly of the market for three years. They sold 375,000 per annum of this article nearly one-half of which was profit. Bagley then went on, and has made a rapid fortune. His pens rank the first in the market, although Brown's and the 'Richlieu' pen, made by E. Watson & Co., are equally good.

In the manufacture of pens, the gold is first rolled out in ribbons, and then but with a die to the required shape; the points put on, and then ground down to the required nib. The points are iridium, a new metal formed with platinum. The points are all imported generally, without the ceremony of an introduction to the custom house, and cost from $7 to $55 per ounce. The manufacture of the silver cases is a distinct business, and employs a large capital. It is not easy to make an estimate of the number of pens manufactured per annum, but it is not probably less than 1,000,000, of which Brown and Bagley make about one half. A person who had not thought of the subject, would scarcely suppose that eight hundred pounds weight of gold were used up every year in the manufacture of such trifling articles as pens, a busir ess unknown ten years ago—yet, such is the fact. The demand for the article is enormous, and it is how difficult to find a person who writes at all, unprovided with this most economical of all pens. One export of 1000 gross has been made to England, where they sell for a guinea apiece.

Battles in Mexico.

The following tabular view of the brilliant achievements of our Armies in Mexico, since the first breaking of hostilities down to the triumphant entry of our victorious troops into the city of Mexico, is from the N. York Herald. It is declared to be as correct as a table of the kind can be made in the absence of official records:

Tabular View of the Several Battles in Mexico, Cities and Towns Taken, &c.

Where fought.	When fought.	Force engaged.	Killed & wound.	Command's.
Palo Alto,	May 8, '46	2000 A 6300 M	44 A 100 M	Taylor Arista
R. de la Pal.	May 9, '46	1700 A 9000 M	307 A 1000 M	Taylor Arista
Matamoras,	May 19, '46	—	—	Taylor
Sonoma,	June 15, '46	—	—	—
St. Johns,	July 17, '46	—	—	—
Camargo,	Aug. 2, '46	—	—	—
Santa Fe,	Aug. 4, '46	—	—	Kearney
Monterey,	Sep. 21, '46	6000 a 10000 m	470 a 800 m	Taylor Ampudia
Tampico,	Nov. 14, '46	—	—	Connor
Saltillo,	Nov. 16, '46	—	—	Worth
San Pasquel,	Dec. 6, '46	100 a 500 m	8 a 50 m	Kearney
Brazito,	Dec. 25, '46	1000 a 4000 m	—	Don'n
San Gabriel,	Jan. 8, '47	500 a — m	— —	Kearney Flores
Los Angeles,	Jan. 6, '47	—	—	Kearney Flores
Mesa,	Jan. 9, '47	—	—	—
La Canada,	Jan. 24, '47	200 a 2000 m	— 81 m	Price —
El Embrido,	Jan. 30, '47	—	—	Price
Puebla Tabs,	Feb. 4, '47	—	—	Price
Buena Vista,	Feb. 22-23	4400 a 21340 m	720 a 2500 m	Taylor S. Anna
Francisco,	Feb. 24, '47	—	—	—
Sacramento,	Feb. 28, '47	920 a 3800 m	9 a 600 m	Don'n —
Cerralvo,	Mar. 7, '47	—	—	—
Vera Cruz,	Mar. 20, '47	10000 a 7000 m	85 a 1000 m	Scott Morales
S J. d'Ulua,	Mar. 30, '47	— 3500 m	— —	The Navy
Alvarado,	Mar. 30, '47	—	—	Hunter
Tlacotal'm,	Mar. 31, '47	—	—	Hunter
Punte Nac'l,	Apr. 3, '47	7000 m 8000 a 7000 m	— —	—
Cerro Gordo,	Apr. 17-18	6000 a 14000 m	500 a —	Scott S. Anna
Tuspan,	Apr. 19, '47	—	—	Perry
Jalapa,	Apr. 22, '47	5000 a 15000 m	—	—
Peroié,	Apr. 22, '47	—	—	—
Puebla,	May 27, '47	8000 a 28000 m	—	—
Tobasco,	June 22, '47	2800 m	12 a	Perry
Contreras,	Aug. 18, '47	10000 a 32000 m	—	Scott Valencia
Churub'co,	Aug. 18, '47	10000 a 32000 m	1000 a —	Scott S. Anna
M. del Rey,	Sept. 8, '47	6000 a 2500 m	700 a 1000 m	Worth —
Chapt'c,	Sept. 11, 12, 13	470 a 982 m	450 a —	Scott —
México city,	Sept. 14, '47	7500 a 200000 m	— —	Scott S. Anna

Lexington,	84	Palo Alto,	44
Bunker Hill,	453	R. de la Palma,	307
Flatbush,	200	Monterey,	476
White Plains,	400	San Pascal,	8
Trenton,	9	Buena Vista,	720
Princeton,	100	Sacramento,	9
Hubbardstown,	800	Vera Cruz,	65
Bennington,	100	Cerro Cordo,	500
Brandywine,	1200	Tobasco,	12
Stillwater,	350	Contreras,	—
Germantown,	1200	Churubusco,	1000
Red Hook,	32	Molino del Rey,	900
Monmouth,	130	Chapultepec,	450
Rhode Island,	211		
Bride Creek,	400		
Stony Point,	100		
Camden,	610		
Kings Mountain,	96		
Cowpens,	72		
Guilford,	400		
Hobkirk's Hill,	400		
Eutaw Springs,	550		
Total,	4689	Total,	4491

This, in a tremendous war, when we take into consideration the short time that has elapsed since the breaking out of hostilities. At a rough estimate we might set down five thousand more, who perished from fatigue, from the fire of guerrillas, yellow fever, &c., &c. which added to the other, would make the loss on our side nearly ten thousand in the course of fifteen months. Such is the result of the war.

From the American Farmer.

PLANTING OUT ORCHARDS.

Every farmer should have an orchard upon his farm of choice fruit, and to such as have not one already we would recommend the, he seize the occasion of the present month, the earlier the better after the leaves have fallen, to plant out one, as the trees may be growing while he may be sleeping, and in a very few years will afford him fine fruit for family use or for sale, provided he is careful in purchasing the most approved kind of grafted fruit from some nurseryman of established reputation; takes proper care in the selection and preparation of the ground, in the mode of planting and after culture.—That he should do so is but natural to suppose as the planting of an orchard is a work for a life time, and therefore should be done well.

The Soil.—The soil for an apple orchard should be rich and moderately moist—the soil should be deep naturally or made so.

The *exposure* should be north or north-west.

The Preparation.—All soils intended for the transplantation of an orchard should be both *ploughed deep and subsoiled.* If it be not naturally rich, it should be manured with a compost formed, say, per acre, with 20 loads of well rotted manure or mould from the woods, 50 bushels of ashes or lime, to be well mixed together spread evenly broadcast, and ploughed in. The ground should then be harrowed and cross-harrowed and rolled.

Digging the Holes and Planting the Trees.—The holes should be dug about three feet deep, six feet in diameter. As the surface mould is taken out let it be laid aside, and mixed with a sufficiency of rich mould as will fill up the hole when the tree is planted carting off or spreading the subsoil which may be excavated on the surface. At the bottom of the holes place gravel stones or small brick-bats, for six inches in depth, then fill up to the depth of say 18 inches with the mixture named above.

This done, place your trees in the holes to the depth, or nearly so, that they may have stood in the nursery, first taking care to trim off smoothly, all the roots which may have been broken. Set the trees straight up, spread out the roots, fix a stake in each hole to tie the trees to; fill in the earth a few inches and pour in water from the nozzle of a watering pot enough to settle the earth around the tree, but not enough to make a kind of mortar; then fill in more earth, and settle it again with water; now fill up the hole with the residue of the earth, and form a slight basin around the trunk of the tree, press the earth down with the feet and tie the tree with a withe of straw or bass matting, when the labor of planting will have been done. If the trees shall have been out the ground any considerable time before being planted, it will be well to soak the roots a few hours before setting them in the ground When your orchard is planted out, sow a mixture of freshly slacked lime and ashes, in equal quantities for 4 feet around each tree, about a gallon to each. If the next spring or summer should prove to be dry, the young trees should receive occasional waterings, not only around the body of the trees, but over their bodies and branches also. The water should be either from a running branch or stream, or rendered temperate by exposure to the sun during the day of its application. The best time for watering is just before sun down.

Young Orchards should be cultivated the first five or six years, in *corn, potatoes, cabbage or turnips*, but during this period of their growth should never be burthened with a small grain or grass crop. They should at all times be lightly ploughed so as to keep weeds down and the soil open to the action of sun, air and rain. If such cultivation as we name should not be given to the orchard ground, it should receive a moderate dressing of rich mould or well rotted manure every few years, say once in four years.

To Protect the Lungs in Thrashing.—H. N. Lowry, in the *Ohio Cultivator*, gives the following mode, which is perfectly effectual. A piece of the finest *sponge*, large enough to cover the mouth and nostrils, is hollowed out so as to fit closely; a tape is fastened round and tied over the top of the head. Soak it in soft water, and then squeeze it well. When ready for work, tie it over nose and mouth, and you can breathe and talk through it almost as well as without; and in a perfect fog of dust, the air will be as clear as in a cornfield. He states that it will, however, prove troublesome to those who use the 'filthy weed.'

Potato Disease.—The most learned, thorough, and patient observations of the most eminent observers, are summed up in *Silliman's Journal*, showing conclusively that this malady is not caused by an insect or fungus; and the only satisfactory result arrived at is this:—That no nation should place its dependence solely on a *single crop*. If there is only one leg to the stool, and that is knocked out, the sitter thereon is at once placed in imminent jeopardy.

"A Perfect Head or Arms and Legs!"—One of the Surgeons of the Army, writing to a friend after the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, says:

"After operating, with my assistant, till, 3 o'clock in the morning, I left the building of which I had a tempory hospital, to take an hour's rest in the open air. *I turned round to look at my amputation table, under it was a perfect heap of arms and legs*, and looking at myself, I found I was all covered with blood from head to foot."

Fear.—There are thousands of men who, for fear of want, want all their lives; and thousands who, for fear of dying, suffer even more than the pangs of death. The demon Fear at all times trembles at impossible events. Why should we grow pale at hideous factions of our own? We should at all times endevor to be serene, and master ourselves, prepared for what may come, leaving the rest to heaven.

Eleven Comely Things.—A young saint; an old martyr; a religious soldier; a conscientious statesman; a great man content; a learned man humble; a child that understands the eye of its parents; a cheerful companion without vanity; a friend not changed with fortune; a rich man happy; a soul depending with comfort and assurance. These things are widely and pleasant, and worthy of honor from the beholder.